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7-28-1960

### Interview with Lottie and Willard N. Mills, Edward Dodge, and Raymond Bower

Lucille Higgins

Zula Bierly

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#### Recommended Citation

Higgins, Lucille and Bierly, Zula, "Interview with Lottie and Willard N. Mills, Edward Dodge, and Raymond Bower" (1960). *Samuel J. Sackett Folklore Collection*. 44.  
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Interview with Lottie and Willard Mills of Dodge City. She sang song and then he sang a song. Then she sang several songs of old. He sang Old Grandfather's Clock and Oh How She Lied.

Interview with Edward Dodge. Tells of mob story about 1900. Hanging on tree. Had man working for them-liked girl but not allowed to go to singing school, shot the girl. Man was about 45, and girl still in trees. Found him 3 days later. Had pretrial and had him in jail. Hung him in tree. This took place in Great Bend. Tells of another story about man who had nigger boy working for him. Man didn't come home Saturday night and had boy find his father in the place and found him with throat cut. In Kansas City, found the man that killed him and some of items] belonging to his boss. Tied rope around neck and saddled horse drug him to courthouse yard. Mr. Dodge last of three boys and five girls still living. Lived in Great Bend all his life. Earlier had horse and buggy in earlier days. Courthouse was 2 blocks square and surrounded by big posts with chain links connecting all around. Good access for farmers hitching horses there.

Watermelons were plentiful and enjoyed by all. Tells of large home with 9 rooms and porches on sides - quite a showplace. At Christmas time was a very big time for family. Had Xmas dinner for 52 years with immediate families. Tells of Indians having bonfires on Pawnee Rock. All were getting out of hand. So helped to drive them away. Tells story about pancake and molasses.

Interview with Raymond Bower. Tells of earlier days by reciting it in poems of many different subject. Singing folklore songs, also singing song about Jesus. Raymond was born in Norton, KS in 1907. Lived in Norton most of life. Tells of parents born in Norton County. Grandparents came to Kansas in 1898. In 1971, found record of the old times experiences. Tells of an old timer building a mill. Had carried belt with gold in it. Found him dead. Later in 1972 Mr. Higgins came to town. Drank a lot- mentioned about others came and conversions with lawyers. Other stories about various visitors who came and have gone on.

RT  
398  
F666m  
1960  
no. 13

INFORMANT BIOGRAPHY, FORM B

1. Name <u>Willard N. Mills</u>		2. Date: <u>July 28, 1960</u>	
3. Address: <u>Dodge City</u>		4. County: <u>Ford</u>	
5. Age: <u>81</u>			
6. Place of Birth: <u>Queensville, Indiana</u>			
7. Ancestry <u>said he didn't know, exactly - only - American</u>		9. Education (circle highest) Grade School 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 <input checked="" type="radio"/> High School 1 2 3 4 College 1 2 3 4	
8. Language spoken: <u>English</u>			
10. Places of residence		Dates:	
<u>Queensville Indiana</u>		<u>1879 - 1890</u> Approx	
<u>Columbus Indiana</u>		<u>lived in Columbus 1890 or</u>	
<u>Dodge City, Kansas</u>		<u>1904 - 1960</u>	
11. Present occupation: <u>retired</u>		12. Former occupations: <u>former lumber yard</u>	
13. Father's name: <u>Alexander Hamilton</u>		17. Mother's name: <u>Alta Minord</u>	
14. Father's place of birth: <u>Indiana</u>		18. Mother's place of birth: <u>West Virginia</u>	
15. Grandfather's place of birth: <u>Indiana</u>		19. Grandfather's place of birth: <u>probably didn't know W. Virginia</u>	
16. Grandmother's place of birth: <u>Indiana</u>		20. Grandmother's place of birth: <u>Probably West Virginia</u>	
21. Place and condition of interview: <u>Brunswick Hotel</u>			
22. Remarks: <u>Mr. and Mrs. Mills both sang "Common Bell" as they remembered it slightly different and with a different tune.</u>			
		Collector's name: <u>Lucille Higgins</u>	
		Address: <u>519 N. Poplar Hutchinson, Kansas</u>	

Sape #

Time

Break between side A and B.

RT

398

F666m

1960

no. 13

10 min

Interview with Lottie + Willard Mills of Dodge City - <sup>she</sup> Sang song + then he sang a song - then she sang several songs of old. He sang Old Grandfather's clock + Oh How She Lied -

continued

25 min.

Interview with Edward Dodge tells of mob story about 1900, hanging on tree - had man working for them - liked girl - not allowed to go to singing school, shot the girl - (man about 45) and girl still in teens - found him 3 days later - had <sup>pre</sup> trial + had him in jail - hung him in tree - this took place in Great Bend - Tells of another story about man who had nigger boy working for him - man didn't come home Saturday night + had boy find <sup>his</sup> father in the place + found him with throat cut - in Kansas City found the man that killed him + some of items belonging to his boss - tied rope around neck + saddled horse drag him to courthouse yard - Mr Dodge lost of the 3 boys + 5 girls still living - Lived in Great Bend all his life - Earlier had horse + buggy in earlier days - Courthouse was 2 blocks square + surrounded by big posts with chain links connecting all around, good access for farmers hitching horses there - Watermelons were plentiful + enjoyed by all - Tells of large home with 9 rooms + porches on sides + quite a showplace - At Christmas time was a very big time for family - had Xmas dinners for 52 years with immediate families - Tells of Indians having bonfires on Pawnee Rock - all were getting out of hand - so help to drive them away -

Tapett

Time

RT  
398  
F666m  
1960

No. 13  
(continued)

1 min

8 min

8 min

11 min

Break between Side A and B  
Mr. Edward Dodge continues his story telling  
about pansake + molasses -

Interview with Raymond Bower - tells of  
earlier days by reciting it in poems of  
many different subject - singing folklore  
songs - also singing song about "Jesus" -

Raymond Bower was born in Norton, Ks in  
1907 - lived in Norton most of life -  
tells of parents born in Norton County -  
grandparents came to Kansas 1898 -

In 1871 found record of <sup>the</sup> old timer experiences -  
tells of an old timer building a mill -  
had carried belt with gold in it - found  
him dead later - 1872 Mr. Higgins came  
to town - drank a lot - mentioned about  
others came + conversions with lawyers -  
Other stories about various visitors who came  
+ have gone on -

continued  
on Side B

I: ----- *Bierly, Zula*

N: Mr. Edward Dodge

RT  
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INFORMANT BIOGRAPHY, FORM B

1. Name <u>Raymond Bower</u>		2. Date: <u>July 24, 1960</u>	
3. Address: <u>510 - N. 1<sup>st</sup></u>		4. County: <u>Norton Kans</u>	
5. Age: <u>52</u>			
6. Place of Birth: <u>Norton, Kansas</u>			
7. Ancestry <u>English, German</u>		9. Education (circle highest) Grade School 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 High School 1 2 3 4 <u>(4)</u> College 1 2 3 4	
8. Language spoken: <u>English</u>			
10. Places of residence			
<u>Norton, Kansas</u>		Dates: <u>1907 - 1926</u>	
<u>Peru, Texas</u>		<u>1926 - 1927</u>	
<u>Phillipsburg, Kans.</u>		<u>1927 - 1928</u>	
<u>Norton, Kans.</u>		<u>1928 -</u>	
<u>Savings &amp; Loan</u>			
11. Present occupation: <u>Abstractor</u>		12. Former occupations: <u>Banking</u>	
13. Father's name: <u>Carl Bower</u>		17. Mother's name: <u>Adie Bower</u>	
14. Father's place of birth: <u>Norton County</u>		18. Mother's place of birth: <u>Norton County</u>	
15. Grandfather's place of birth: <u>Ohio (Astatula)</u>		19. Grandfather's place of birth: <u>New Hampshire</u>	
16. Grandmother's place of birth: <u>Nebraska</u>		20. Grandmother's place of birth: <u>Lowell, Mass</u>	
21. Place and condition of interview: <u>Our home</u>			
22. Remarks: <u>The material on tape that Mr. Bower has given might not be of any value to you, but he enjoyed giving it and he loves to study and read on many different subjects. This subject of folklore and local history is one dear to his heart, and the study of it is fascinating to him.</u>			
Collector's name: <u>Lona Bower</u>			
Address: <u>Norton, Kansas</u>			

INFORMANT BIOGRAPHY, FORM B

1. Name MR. EDWARD DODGE		2. Date: JULY 16, 1960	
3. Address: GREAT BEND, KANSAS		4. County: BARTON	
5. Age: 79			
6. Place of Birth: GREAT BEND, KANSAS			
7. Ancestry GERMAN AND ENGLISH		9. Education(circle highest) Grade School 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 High School 1 2 3 4 College 1 2 3 4	
8. Language spoken: ENGLISH			
10. Places of residence		Dates:	
GREAT BEND, KANSAS		1881 to 1960	

11. Present occupation: RETIRED	12. Former occupations: MAIL CARRIER
13. Father's name: CHARLES DODGE	17. Mother's name: CORA DODGE
14. Father's place of birth: WISCONSIN	18. Mother's place of birth: NEW YORK
15. Grandfather's place of birth:	19. Grandfather's place of birth:
16. Grandmother's place of birth:	20. Grandmother's place of birth:
21. Place and condition of interview: GREAT BEND, KANSAS	AT HIS HOME

22. Remarks:

MR DODGE HAS A VERY SHARP MEMORY AND LOVES TO TALK ABOUT THE EARLY DAYS OF HIS LIFE AND THE TIMES HE HAS GROWING UP. HE WAS BORN IN GREAT BEND IN THE PLACE WHERE THE CITY PARK NOW IS PLACED. HE HAS SPENT ALL HIS DAYS IN BARTON COUNTY AND IN GREAT BEND, KANSAS

Collector's name:

MRS. ZULA BIERLY  
Address: 2111 SAN DOMINGO  
GREAT BEND, KANSAS

RT  
398  
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1966  
No. 13

I. I'd like to introduce Mr. Edward Dodge. Sir, would you please tell me about the story on the mob story?

N. Well, the best that I remember it was in 1900. However, I saw this man after he was mobbed hanging in the tree. And it happened south of the river about eight or nine miles at a place by the name of Haufmasters. And they had a man working for them by the name of Becker, as I remember it. And they had a daughter about 16 years of age. And this Becker got kind of smittin' on the girl and wanted to take her places, and she objected to it. One evening he hauled two big loads of hay up next to the house and barn. And she and a neighbor girl were hitching up a horse to go to a singing school. And he went out there and wanted to go to the singing school with them. They told him he couldn't. And he drew a gun and shot this girl. And she ran toward the house. And Mrs. Haufmaster heard the gun, and she run out that way. And he shot her again after the girl was in her mother's arms. I guess I should have said that this man was about 45 years old, as I remember it and the girl was still in the teens. Well, he set this hay afire and got away and they found him down on the salt marsh three days afterward, as I remember it, and they was afraid of him being mobbed. And they took him to Hutchinson, and they brought him back in the fall, early in the fall, for his trial and his preliminary, I should say, preliminary trial. And they had him in the jail, which was under the courthouse at that time, and Mr. Aber was the sheriff, and his son was a step, was a deputy sheriff. And they hitched up a fine team of

fast horses and went to run him out of town because the courthouse, the courthouse yard had got full of people. And they know there was going to be some trouble and they brought him out and they had a rope there and somebody knocked him in back of the head, they throwed the rope around him and cut the harness off of the horses and took him down to the southeast corner of the square and hung him in the tree. Well, I didn't see them put him in the tree or any of that part of it, but I did see him hanging in the tree. Well, some of the men, somebody hollered, they said, "Lets cut his ears off and punch out his eyes and Mr. Hooper who was a druggist here at the time got up on the steal there and said that that would be barbarias, not to do it. And somebody hollered and told him that he'd better get down or they'd hang him next. And he got down. Well, then everybody went to getting a piece of that rope. Cut it off in little pieces, 4 or 5 inches long so it would go around well. And I know I got a hold of a piece of the rope and put it in my pocket and somebody stole it out of it and so that's about the size of that.

I. Thank you a lot Mr., Mr., thank you a lot Mr. Dodge, that was real interesting. This took place in Great Bend, Kansas in the court yard? Well, that was very interesting now we'll listen to another one of your stories.

N. Well, there was a man by the name of, oh yea, I better have that. There was a man here by the name of Parker who ran a billard hall here and his family lived in Ellinwood. He'd come up Monday morning, as I understand it and stay all week and Saturday night he would go home to Ellinwood. And he had a nigger boy a working for him and one Sunday night, or Saturday night he didn't go home and Sunday morning why Mrs. Parker sent this boy

up here to see what was the matter. Said he didn't come home. Well, the boy, the door was locked so he went around to the back door and crawled in the window and there laid his father dead. He had cut his throat. And they sent a telegram to Hutch, to Kansas City right away and they caught him getting off of the train. And he had Mr. Parker's watch in his pocket and some other things that identified him. And they brought him back and, brought him back and there was a mob met the train east of town down there about where the state office is. And took him away from the sherriff. Threw a rope around his neck and tied it to a saddle horse and they run that horse all the way into town with him. Well, there used to be a fence around the courthouse yard there and the gate you come through, when he come through there why this darky's head bumped one of those posts. Well, that night my mother's cousin came home. She was working for father in the abstract or the register of deeds office and come in there all excited and told father and mother about it. And I was just a little fellow and I and my brother slept in the same room as father and mother and it woke us up and I know I got very much disturbed about it and I couldn't go back to sleep. Mother says, "Come on over here and get in bed with us." And I went over there and I knew nothing could hurt me cause I was with father and mother. And I went to sleep.

I. Were you, is that all? Were you the youngest of eight children or let's see how was that?

N. No, I had a brother one year and twelve days older than I and then I was the next, of course, and there were three of us boys and six girls. I'm the only one of the boys living and five sisters are living.

I. You have quite a few sisters living then yet, don't you?

N. Do you know Mrs. Tinchily?

I. No, I don't, don't believe I do.

N. She lives right down here on . . . .

I. Is she relation to you?

N. Sister.

I. A sister?

N. Uh huh.

I. Well, I'm glad to know that.

N. Then Mrs. Harris is another sister. She does a great deal of babysitting. She's a widow.

I. Mrs. Harris, uh huh. Could you tell us a little bit about a the town, I mean Great Bend. Didn't you say you lived there all your life? Is that right?

N. That's right.

I. What did the square look like and what kind of transportation did they have at that time? I suppose it was horse and buggy but you might tell a little of like what the town looked like.

N. Well, in the early part of my life there weren't very many buggies. The farmers come to town in lumber wagons and they would put <sup>there</sup> teams in the different livery stables around the town and they would give them hay for ten cents a team. And then as times picked ~~why~~ everybody got a buggy. And they come to town there and people come in here and everybody thought what a prosperous country this was because everybody had a nice new buggy. And then it come out with the automobile days.

I. I see.

N. And in regard to how the courthouse looked, it was a brick building, a two story building with a full basement under it. And the courtroom was in the northeast corner of the building. And the other offices, part of them were upstairs and some of there were on the first floor. My father was the first register of deeds for fourteen years. The courthouse had a chain post, set with big posts with holes bored in them and a chain that went all the way around the square which is two blocks large there. And the farmers, in those days, used to come to town, drive their horses up to the rack, unhitch them and take them around to the back end of the wagon and tie 'em there and they had feed there for them. And they ate out of there. And they brought their dinners with them and set up in the wagons and ate their dinners.

I. Had their dinners?

N. That's right.

I. Well, I bet that was quite an all day trip wasn't it?

N. There used to be lots of watermelons grown south of the river and I've seen that park so full of watermelons vines in the summer that the flies were just thick and us boys we'd set around and watch until somebody ate a watermelon and then we'd run over there and if they left any of it good why we'd grab it.

I. Yea, did they ever clean them up or did they just leave them piled around.

N. Oh, they got so they cleaned them up after awhile.

I. Cleaned them up after awhile. Could you. . .?

N. Oh, they had to.

I. Could you tell us a little bit about your first home that you lived in since you lived, did you say you lived in a sod house?

N. No, I never lived in a sod house.

I. That was your grandfather.

N. That was my grandfather.

I. Could you tell us a little bit about his home. Did you remember visiting?

N. Well, where I was born was on a, I didn't tell that did I?

I. No, I don't think we've heard that.

N. Where I was born was on the city park right to the north, kind of between that and the oil well that's there. And when father and mother were married there was a three room house there. And as our family grew well, the house was added to and they had nine rooms in it.

I. That was quite a big home wasn't it?

N. Uh huh.

I. In those days.

N. And they had a nice porch on the front of it and a good porch on the south side and it was considered quite a nice home. And in 1900 why we sold it to the fair association and they held a fair there either two or three years and it was so close to the Hutchinson fair that they didn't do well. And they sold it to the city for a park. And in 1900 when he sold he built the house on Broadway where the Christian minister now lives.

I. I see, well, that was very interesting. Could you tell us anything about the cattle drives in from Texas? Or were you ever in on any of those?

N. Well, no, I can't tell you much about them. But I, I do remember I don't know whether that's worth telling or not though, there was a man lived out there where, just north of town by the name of Jessie James. And

he shipped in cattle from Arizona for three or four years. Several car-loads at a time. Generally sent in three different shipments. And I worked with them and with those cattle when I was a boy and we'd cut those cattle out and send, he'd pick the ones that had a little meat on them, send them to Kansas City and take cows and calves up into Trego County. And we'd have to camp out at night. And we got very little pay for it, a dollar and a quarter a day for our horse and ourselves and ate outdoors and it wasn't all the biggest meal in the world either.

I. Well, that's real interesting. I want to thank you a lot. I wondered if you might have any old customs that you had on special days like oh, Christmas or Thanksgiving. Were there any special customs that you did?

N. Well, there was always, in regard to you asking about customs on holidays, I will say that father and mother always made the most of it at Christmas time that they could. I mean by that what they were able to do.

I. Did you usually have a tree?

N. And after, yes we always had a tree.

I. Always had a tree.

N. And a, we all had presents. And Christmas night when we started for home after we were grown and had families, we were always invited back for the following Christmas. And we had those Christmases for 52 years. I had Christmas dinner with my father and mother for 52 years. Not always at their home, when I was a little boy we used to go to grandpa's and grandma's. Sometimes to an Uncle's but we was always together on Christmas time.

I. That's better than we do now days, isn't it?

N. And on our birthdays why we was always invited home. And each one had a present for the other one.

I. That's a good family tradition, I think. I think, a lot of people probably now miss some of that since we live so far from our relatives at different times.

N. Where did you come from? The Indians here in the early days. How they'd come and beg for things to eat. And they lived about a half a mile from where, what is known as the Bissle Hill. And the Indians would get up there on the hill and they would build fires and signal to the Indians on Pawnee Rock. There wasn't the trees on the creek at that time and you could see the fire, the fire very well. And they got up there one time and got to having a dances up there and it seemed like they were very unruly. And grandfather got up in the night and got on a horse and went over to the fort over about where Kanopolis is now and got some soldiers to come over here and drive them away. They said he didn't go until after midnight for fear some of the Indians would see him and kill him. He circled around and went over there and got the soldiers to come and drive them away.

I. That was real interesting. Thank you very much.

N. A, my uncles and three or four other people went on a buffalo hunt, and they was going down by Medicine Lodge. And when they was all ready to go, somebody said, "We'd better get a jug of molasses and take it along to put on our flapjacks." Well, they went into Mr. Kitter's store and got a gallon of molasses. Well, the next morning they baked their flapjacks and they passed the molasses around. And some of them got

molasses and it come to one of the men, one of the men that hadn't gotten the molasses yet and the jug kinda stopped up and out come a mouse. And they, all of them kinda pushed back from the table. And this man says, "Oh," he says, "one mouse don't hurt anything." He says, "He gets in that molasses, and the molasses gets all around him. And then it don't touch the other molasses." Well, they baked some more pancakes. And this man took some more molasses. And this time out came two mice. And he pulled back from the table, and he says, "Too damn many mice!" And he had a prefix ahead of it. Well, that man was John Hueber's father. But I didn't want to put the name in there.

I. Thank you. That was a real interesting experience eating pancakes.

N. Here is a story that I remember as a small boy. My father and mother took a trip back to New York and Wisconsin, their old home. And we stayed over here north of town on the creek with my grandfather and grandmother, my brother and I. And it was at harvest time. And it was very warm. And we laid down on the floor and went to sleep. Grandfather come in there and woke us up. And he says, "Boys," he says, "I want you to get up." He says, "There's something just right across the road." He says, "That you probably never will see again." He took a hold of our hands, one on each side of us. And led us over there. And there was an old darky. And it was on the Ike Wire place, a white man. And he had a span of oxen up to a binder. And instead of the yokes, he had collars, horse collars on them upside down. And they had bridles on them. And they drove them with lines. One man sat up on the binder and tripped, dropped the bundles. And another man walked along the side and drove the oxen. Now I doubt very much if there's another man around here that ever saw oxen hitched to a

binder with collars on it and bridles like horses wear and so on. And him telling me that why I always. . .

I. That really was quite a sight to see, I imagine. Something very unusual. Thank you a lot.

## SECOND RECORDING

I. The following is an interview with my husband, Raymond Bower, who has lived in Norton County all his life. And he will relate for you a few of the incidents and early day experiences and stories that he has heard from his grandparents, parents, and friends.

N. I was born at Norton, Kansas on November the 19th, 1907. I have lived in Norton all my life with the exception of two years spent at Prairton, Texas where I worked in the bank, one year that I spent in Phillipsburg, Kansas when I worked in the bank. My father and mother were both born in Norton County, Kansas. My father, having been born in a dug-out some six miles southeast of Norton. And my mother having been born in what is known as a combination house eight miles south and two miles east of Norton. My grandparents both came to Norton County in 1878. As a samll boy, I acquired the habit of visiting with the old timers. And afterwards when I started working for the Norton County Abstract Company, it became necessary to secure affidavits relative to identities, heirships, and other pertinent facts regarding the old timers. One of the sources of my information was an old man by the name of Jule Van Meter, who came to Norton County in 1871 as a buffalo hunter. And remained where he became wealthy. Jule had many interesting experiences. At one time while crossing

the Prairie Dog Creek just south of the present town of Norton, he got his foot caught in a buffalo, or in a beaver dam and froze his legs and almost died. Another one of his experiences was during the year of about 1874 when a tribe of Pawnee Indians came through Norton. They had a boy with them known only as Pony Bob who was supposed to be the fastest man on his feet in the western part of the country. Jule, who was not a large man but pretty good physical specimen, took pride in his running ability. And a foot race was arranged between the two with quite a little cash bet on the outcome. The men staked off, of course, probably some two hundred yards long as Jule told it. And at the signal to go, Jule started out, looked back over his shoulder to see how Pony Bob was coming and noticed him some 20 or 30 feet behind him just loafing along carrying his blanket over his shoulder. Jule motioned at him to come on, and the Indian waved him on. And Jule thought he would take some of the conceit out of the Indian, so he shifted into high and about ten yards from the finish the Indian passed him like he was going the other direction. Well, Jule was just a little bit unhappy about it. And he turned to one of his friends who had made a rather sarcastic remark about it, used the term in referring to the Indian, whom he thought spoke no English and understood no English, the term he used was one that was made immortal by Orin Wooster when he wrote the Virginian. Then Pony Bob spring on old Jule and took him to the ground, ran his thumb across Jule's throat. Jule thought it was a scalping knife. And Jule told me that he never was so scared in his life that when he got up he was afraid to shake his head for fear that it would fall off. Jule was not above taking an occassional drink, in small quantities. Jule was one of these old timers that figured that a pint of whiskey was just a

small drink. A fellow by the name of W. E. Case ran a general store in here, around, oh about 1875. And Jule dropped into the store one time, considerably liquored up. And Case was a small, short, dumpy nervous sort of individual and he noticed a mouse playing around on one of his shelves up along with some cotton goods. And in the conversation he admitted to Jule that he was having trouble with mice and wished that there was some way of getting rid of them. Jule carried a 44 Navy pistol, a revolver rather, and he extracted it from his holster and proceeded to shoot the mouse off of the shelf. Although at that time he was so drunk that he could hardly stand up. Lona has asked me if there were any legends of any places in Norton County concerning places that were haunted. The only place that I know of is the place some three and a half miles southwest of Norton that is known as Gray's Draw. Early in March of 1873 a man by the name of Henry Chapman walked into Norton County. He was a native of Ohio and had left that state for the gold fields in California in 1849. And from that time until he came to Norton County, he spent all of his life on the frontier. He was reputed to be worth considerable money. But no one here knows that they ever, that he ever had, no one ever feasted their eyes on it. But he had spoken to the settlers about being possessed a considerable sum of gold. He built a log house on his plain, but he never put a roof on it. He searched up and down the creek for several days, looking for a tree with proper crook in it to make rafters for his house. He wanted the rafters to reach from eve to eve of the curve over the ridge log or the center pole. At the same time he was looking along the creek for a good mill sight and had announced his intention of building a mill, for that season. He did

carry a belt of gold on his person. And he was reported to have taken it off because it chaffed him and buried it along the rocks south of Almena. And it rained, and he feared that the water had washed it away. He went down there and he came back and told one of our local citizens, Hankie Oliver, that he found the gold alright. And that it was on his person at that time. And Hankie Oliver is the last person to have seen him alive. On the morning of May the 4th, 1878, he was found murdered there in his dugout. And he'd been shot with a 32 caliber pistol and his head had been badly crushed by a stool. Coroner Stewart found that he came to his death at the hands of persons unknown and no concerted effort was ever made to track down his murderer. His personal effects were sold and his farm, him claim, passed to Nathan Gray, who was the father-in-law of Jill VanMeter. Gray afterward, committed suicide by hanging himself. The tree upon which he placed the rope is still standing there and the place is reputed to be haunted. That if a person will sleep under the tree at night that Gray comes back and that you can hear him moaning and the chains clank and all sorts of things like that. But it has not been verified. During the month of June 1872, an Englishman by the name of William Gibbon arrived in Norton and settled here. Gibbon was a man of superior education, his great fault was that he was addicted to drink. He was sometimes known as old Coppos Mentis. He having used that term on one occasion when he was questioned as to whether he was drunk or sober. At one time he was a witness in a law suit and had considerable conversation between the attorney. And the attorney finally asked him, "Is it not a fact, sir, that on the day that this event is supposed to have happened, that you had had one gallon of

whiskey?" And Gibbon's answer was, "Yes, sir. But what is a gallon of whiskey among one?"

Another of the legendary counties, characters of Norton County was Squire Oliver or Hankie Oliver as he was familiarly known. Hankie was one of the earliest settlers of this county and had been born in England. He had not had much formal education but was a very bright man. Hankie was elected Justice of the Peace and many of his trials, if they had been recorded, would have had a lot of early Norton County history in it. On one occasion two lawyers were having a law suit over a hog that had been killed. They argued and argued and argued and finally when noon came, Hankie announced that court was adjourned until after dinner, that he was going home to feed his hogs and wouldn't be back. And they could come back and conclude their argument. And when they had finished their arguments if they would open the drawer to his desk that they would find a verdict, that he had already decided the case.

One of the more interesting characters of Norton County was the late Grose Page, who was a cattle buyer at Norton for many years. He was born in Illinois in 1852 and in 1873 he started for the West. Grose's possessions at the time that he hit Norton County consisted of one five cent piece and a postage stamp. Grose was one of the most loveable characters that a person ever met. At times, although, he had a violent disposition. And Grose, like many of the other early residents of Norton County, was inclined to take a drink now and then. One of the best ones that I ever remember Grose having pulled, and he related it to me without doing any blushing. Shortly before the turn of the century he went to Denver to a livestock show. And on his return home his wife was unpacking his luggage and demanded an explanation. There was a dinner plate in there and considerable of the meal on it

packed in with Grose's clothing. And Grose did admit that it was pretty much of a mess, and she wanted to know what had happened. And Grose, of course, denied that he had had anything to drink on the entire trip. And he said that he was at a restaurant down there at the union station in Denver with a number of his friends. And the train whistled in, and it was obvious that he wasn't going to be able to finish his meal, and so at the boys suggestion rather than just abandon the meal and go home hungry, he just packed the lunch in with his clothing and took it on the train with him, in case that he got hungry on the way home. And he said that it sounded logical to him, but he never could sell his wife on the idea. I could go on with tales like this for a considerable period of time if I had time to assemble my data. I don't know what year the tape recorder was invented. It is certainly a shame that it was not invented some 50 years ago, because if a person could have gotten these statements, these tales, directly from the mouths of those to whom they happened, it would have been a most interesting addition to the folklore of the northwestern part of Kansas.

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I. I'd like to introduce Mr. Edward Dodge. Sir, would you please tell me about the story on the mob story?

N. Well, the best that I remember it was in 1900. However, I saw this man after he was mobbed hanging in the tree. And it happened south of the river about eight or nine miles at a place by the name of ~~XXXXXX~~. Haufmasters. And they had a man working for them by the name of Becker, as I remember it. And they had a daughter about 16 years of age. And this Becker got kind of smittin' on the girl and wanted to take her places, and she objected to it. One evening he hauled two big loads of hay<sup>up</sup> next to the house and barn. And she and a neighbor girl were hitching up a horse to go to a singing school. And he went out there and wanted to go to the singing school with them. They told him he couldn't. And he drewed a gun and shot this girl. And she ran toward the house. And Mrs. Haufmaster heard the gun, and she run out that way. And he shot her again after the girl was in her mother's arms. I guess I should have said that this man was about 45 years old, as I remember it and the girl was still in the teens. Well, he set this hay afire and got away and they found him down on the salt marsh three days afterward, as I remember it, and they was afraid of him being mobbed. And they took him to Hutchinson, and they brought him back in the fall, early in the fall, for his trial and his preliminary. I should say, preliminary trial. And they had him in the jail, which was under the courthouse at that time, and Mr. Aber was the sherriff, and his son was a step, was a deputy sherriff. And they hitched up a fine team of fast horses and went to run him out of town because the courthouse, the courthouse yard had got full of people. And they know there was going to be some trouble and they brought him out and they had a rope there and somebody knocked him in back of the head, the throwed the rope

around him and cut the harness off of the horses and took him down to the southeast corner of the square and hung him in the tree. Well, I didn't see them put him in the tree or any of that part of it, but I did see him hanging in the tree. Well, some of the men, somebody hollers, <sup>and they said</sup> that lets cut his ears off and punch out his eyes and Mr. Hooper who was a <sup>druggist</sup> ~~druggist~~ here at the time got up on the stial there and ~~he~~ said that that would be barbaris not to do it. And somebody hollered and told him that he'd better get down or they <sup>id</sup> ~~were going to~~ hang him next. And he got ~~to~~ down. Well, then everybody went to getting a <sup>ie</sup> ~~peice~~ of that rope. Cut it off in little <sup>ie</sup> ~~peices~~, 4 or 5 inches long so it would go around well. And I know I got ahold of a <sup>ie</sup> ~~peice~~ of the rope and put it in my pocket and somebody ~~said~~ stole it out of it and <sup>so</sup> ~~that's~~ about the size of ~~xxx~~ that.

I. Thank you a lot Mr., Mr., thank you a lot Mr. Dodge. that was <sup>real</sup> ~~very~~ interesting. This took place in ~~Dodge~~ Great Bend, Kansas in the court yard? Well, that was very interesting now we'll listen to another one of your stories.

N. Well, there was a man by the name of, oh yea I <sup>better</sup> ~~got to~~ have that. <sup>here</sup> There was a man by the name of Parker who ran a billiard hall here and his family lived in Ellenwood. He'd come up Monday mornin', as I understand it and a stay all week and Saturday night he would go home to Ellenwood. And he had a nigger boy a working for him and one Sunday night, or Saturday night he didn't go home and Sunday morning why Mrs. Parker sent this boy up here to see what was the matter. Said he didn't come home. Well, the boy, the door was locked so he went around to the back door and crawled <sup>in</sup> ~~through~~ the window and there laid his father dead. <sup>He</sup> Had cut his throat. And they <sup>a telegram</sup> sent to Hutch, .. to Kansas City right away and they caught him getting off of the train. And he had Mr. Parker's watch in his pocket and some other things that identified him. And they brought him back and ~~a~~, brought him back and ~~a~~ there was a mob met the train east of town down there about where

the state office is. And ~~he~~ took him away from the sheriff. <sup>Threw</sup> ~~Tied~~ a rope around his neck and tied it <sup>to</sup> ~~around~~ a saddle horse and they run that horse all the way into town with him. Well, there used to be a fence around the courthouse yard there and the gate you come through, when he come through there why this darky's head bumped one of those posts. Well, that night my mother's cousin came home. ~~She~~ was working <sup>S</sup> for father ~~and~~ in the abstract or the registrar of deeds office and come in there all excited and told mother and father about it. <sup>And I</sup> ~~Father~~ was just a little fellow and I and my brother slept in the same room as father and mother and it woke us up and I know I got very much disturbed about it and I couldn't go back to sleep. Mother says, "Come on over here and get in bed with us" <sup>and</sup> and I went over there and I knew nothing could hurt me cause I was with father and mother. And I <sup>went</sup> ~~went~~ to sleep.

I. Were you, is that all? Were you the youngest of eight children or lets see how was that?

N. No. I had a brother one year and twelve days older than I and then I was the next, of course, and there were three of us boys and six girls. I'm the only one of the boys living and five sisters are living.

I. You have quite a few sisters living <sup>yet</sup> ~~yet~~, don't you?

N. Do you know Mrs. Tinchily?

I. No. I don't, don't believe I do.

N. She lives right down here on. . .

I. Is she relation to you?

N. Sister.

I. A sister?

N. Uh huh.

I. Well I'm glad to know that.

N. Then Mrs. Harris is another sister. She does a great deal of babysitting. She's a widow.

I. Mrs. Harris, uh huh. ~~I~~ <sup>C</sup> Could you tell us a little bit about a the ~~town~~ town, I mean Great Bend. Didn't you say you lived there all your life? Is that right?

N. That's right.

I. What ~~did~~ the square look like and what kind of transportation ~~did~~ they have at that time? I suppose it was horse and buggy but you might tell a little <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ like what the town looked like.

N. Well, in the early part of my life there weren't very many buggies. The farmers come to town in lumber wagons and they would put there teams in the different ~~libery~~ stables around the town and they <sup>would</sup> give them hay for ten cents a ~~team~~. And then as times picked why everybody got a buggy. And they come to town <sup>there</sup> and people come in here and everybody thought what a prosperous country this was <sup>pile</sup> because everybody had a nice new buggy. And then it come out with the ~~automotive~~ days.

I. I see.

N. And in regard to how the courthouse looked, it was a brick building a two story building with a full basement under it. And the courtroom was in the northeast <sup>corner</sup> of the building. And the other offices <sup>part of them were upstairs and some of them</sup> were on the first floor. My father was the first register of deeds for fourteen years. The courthouse had a chain post, set with, big <sup>with</sup> posts holes bored in them and a chain that went all the way around the square which is two blocks large there. And the farmers, in these days, used to come to town, <sup>their</sup> drive there horses up ~~there~~ to the rack. Unhitch them and take them around to the back end of the wagon and they had feed there for them. And they <sup>ate out of that, there</sup> brought their dinners with them and set up in the wagons and ate their dinners.

I. Had their dinners?

N. That's right.

I. Well I bet that was quite an all day trip wasn't it?

N. There used to be lots of watermelons grown ~~South~~<sup>South</sup> of the river and I've seen that park so full of watermelons ~~ri~~<sup>ri</sup>nes in the summer that the flies were just thick. and us boys we'd set around and watch until somebody ate a watermelon and then we'd run over there and if they left any of it good why we'd grab it.

I. Yea

~~N.~~ Did they ever clean them up or did they just let ~~them~~<sup>we</sup> pile ~~up~~<sup>d around</sup>.

N. Oh they got so they cleaned them up after a while.

I. Cleaned them up after a while. Could you. . .

N. Oh they had to.

I. Could you tell us a little bit about your first home that you lived in since you lived, did you say you lived in a sod house?

N. No, I never lived in a sod house.

I. That was your grandfather.

N. That was my grandfather.

I. Could you tell us a little bit about his home. Did you remember visiting?

N. Well, where I was born was on a, I didn't tell that did I?

I. No. I don't think we've heard that.

N. Where I was born was on the city park ~~right~~<sup>right</sup> to the north, kinda between that and the oil well that's there. And when father and mother were married there was a three room house there. And as our family grew well the house was added to and they had nine rooms ~~to~~<sup>in</sup> it.

I. That was quite a big home wasn't it?

N. Uh huh.

I. In those days.

~~N. And~~

N. And they had a nice ~~porch~~ <sup>quite nice</sup> on the front of it and a good ~~proch~~ <sup>00</sup> on the side of ~~it~~ <sup>south</sup> and it was considered a good home. And in 19 ~~hundred~~ <sup>00</sup> why he sold it to the fair association and they held a fair ~~either~~ <sup>these</sup> two or three years and it was so close to the Hutchinson fair that they didn't do well. And they sold it to the city for a park. And in 19 ~~hundred~~ <sup>00</sup> when he sold he built the house on Broadway where the Christian minister now lives.

I.. I see, well that was ~~real~~ <sup>very</sup> interesting. Could you tell us anything about the cattle drives in from Texas.? Or were you ever in on any of those? <sup>?</sup>

N. <sup>well,</sup> No. I can't ~~say~~ tell you much about them. But I, I do remember, I ~~don't~~ know whether that's worth telling or not though, there was a man lived out there where ~~a~~, just north of town by the name of Jessie James. And he shipped in cattle from Arizona for three or four years. Several carloads at a time. ~~Generally~~ sent in three different shipments. And I worked with them and with those cattle when I was a boy and we'd cut those cattle out and he'd pick the ones that had a little meat on them, ~~send~~ <sup>send</sup> them to Kansas City and he'd ~~send~~ <sup>take</sup> the cows and calves up <sup>to</sup> Trego County. And we ~~had~~ <sup>to have</sup> to camp out at night. And we got very little pay for it, a dollar and a quarter <sup>a day</sup> for our horse and ourselves and ate outdoors and it wasn't all the biggest meat in the world either.

~~##~~ I. Well, that's real interesting. I want to thank you a lot. I wondered if you might have any old customs that you had on special days like oh Christmas or Thanksgiving. Were there any special customs that you did?

N. Well, <sup>there was always</sup> in regard to you asking about customs on holidays, I will say that father and mother <sup>always</sup> made the most of it at Christmas time that they could. I mean by that what they were able to do.

I. Did you usually have a tree?

N. And after, yes we always had a tree.

I. Always had a tree.

N. And a, we all had presents, <sup>For</sup> And Christmas night when we started home after we were grown and had families, we were always invited back for the following Christmas. And we had those Christmases for 52 years. I had Christmas dinner with my father and mother for 52 years. Not always at there home, when I was a little boy we used to go to grandpa's and grandma's. Sometimes to an Uncle's but we was always together on Christmas time.

I. That's better than we do now days, isn't it?

N. And on our birthdays why we was always invited home. And each one had a present for the other one.

I. That's a good family tradition, I think. I think, a lot of people probably now miss some of that since we live so far from our relatives at different times.

N. Where did you come from? The Indians here in the early days. How they'd come and beg for things to eat, And they ~~lived~~ lived about a half a mile from where, what is known as the Bissle Hill. And the Indians would get up there on the hill, And they would build fires and signal <sup>to</sup> that the Indians are on Pawnee Rock. There wasn't the trees on the creek at that time, And you could see the fire, the fire very well. And they got up there one time and got to having a dances up there, And it seemed like they were very unruly, And grandpa <sup>father</sup> got up <sup>in the</sup> one night and got on a horse and a went over to the fort over about where Kanopolis is now and got some soldiers to come over here and drive them away. They said he didn't go until after midnight for fear some of the Indians would see him and kill him. He circled around and went ~~over~~ over there and got the soldiers to <sup>come and</sup> drive them away.

I. That was real interesting. Thank you very much.

molasses

N. A, my uncles and three or four other people went on a buffalo hunt, and they was going down by Medicine Lodge. And when they was all ready to go, ~~was~~ somebody said, "We'd better <sup>get</sup> take a jug of molasses <sup>and take it along</sup> to put on our flapjacks." Well they went into Mr. Kitter's store and got a gallon of molasses. Well, the next morning they baked the flapjacks, ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> jacks of them got molasses ~~flapjacks~~ and they passed the molasses around and somebody says and it come to one of the men, one of the men that hadn't gotten the molasses, <sup>He</sup> and the jug kinda stopped up and out come a mouse. And they, all of them kinda pushed back from the table. And this man says, "Oh!" he don't says, "one mouse ~~doesn't~~ hurt anything." He says, "He gets in that molasses, and the molasses gets all around him. And then it don't touch ~~anything~~ the other molasses." Well, they <sup>baked</sup> ~~made~~ some more pancakes. And this man took some more molasses. And this time out came two mice. And he pulled back from the table, and ~~sk~~ he says, "Too damn many mice!" ~~and~~ And he had a prefix ahead of it. Well, that man was John Huebers' father. But I didn't want to put the name in there.

I. Thank you. That was a real interesting experience eating paneakes.

N. Here is a story that I remember as a small boy. My father and mother took a trip back to New York and Wisconsin, their ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> home. And we stayed over here north of town on the creek with my grandfather and grandmother, my brother and I. And it was at harvest time. And it was very warm. And we laid down on the floor and went to sleep. Grandfather came in there and woke us up. And he says, "Boys," he says, "I want you to get up." He says, "There's something just right across the road." He says, "that you <sup>probably never will</sup> ~~will probably never~~ see again." He took ahold of our hands, one on each side of us. And led us over there. And there was an old darkey. And it ~~There's This~~ was on the ~~old~~ Ike Wire place, a white man. And he had a span

of oxen up to a binder. And instead of the yokes, he had collars, horse collars on them upside down. And they had <sup>185</sup>bridles on them. And they drove them with lines. One man sat up on the binder and <sup>tr</sup>shipped, dropped the bundles. And another man walked along the side and drove the oxen. Now I doubt very much if there's another man <sup>8</sup>around here that ever saw oxen hitched to a binder with collars on it and bridles like horses. <sup>wear</sup>~~were~~ and so on. And him telling me that why I ~~got~~ always. . .

I. That really was quite a sight to see, I imagine. Something very unusual. Thank you a lot.

## SECOND RECORDING

I. The following is an interview with my husband, Raymond Bower, who has lived in Norton County all ~~of~~ his life. And he will relate for you a few of the incidents and early day experiences and stories that he has heard from his grandparents, parents, and friends.

N. I was born at Norton, Kansas on November <sup>the</sup> 19, 1907. I <sup>have</sup> lived in Norton all my life with the exception of two years spent at <sup>Prairie</sup> ~~Prairie~~, Texas where I worked in the bank, one year that I spent in Phillipsburg, Kansas where I worked in the bank. My father and mother were both born in Norton County, Kansas. My father, having been born in a dugout some six miles southeast of Norton. <sup>And</sup> My mother having been born in what is known as a combination house eight miles south and two miles east of Norton. My grandparents both came to Norton County in 1878. As a small boy, I acquired the habit of visiting with the old timers. And afterwards when I started working for the Norton County Abstract Company, it became necessary to secure affidavits ~~was~~ relative to identities, heirships, and other pertinent facts regarding the old timers. One of the sources of my information was an old man by the name of <sup>Julie</sup> ~~Boyle~~ Van Meter, who came to

"Norton County in 1871 as a buffalo hunter. And remained where he became wealthy. <sup>Jule</sup> ~~Doole~~ had many interesting experiences. At one time while the crossing <sup>Jule</sup> Prairie Dog Creek just south of the present town <sup>of</sup> Norton, he got his foot caught in a buffalo, or in a beaver dam and <sup>freeze</sup> ~~broke~~ his legs and almost died. Another one of his experiences was during the year of about 1874 when a tribe of Pawnee Indians came through Norton. They had a boy with them known <sup>only</sup> as Pony Bob who was supposed to be the fastest man on his feet in the western part of the country. <sup>Jule</sup> ~~Doole~~, who <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ not a large man but pretty good physcial specimen, took pride in his running ability. And a foot race was arranged between the two with quite a little cash bet on the outcome. The men staked off, of course, probably some two hundred yards <sup>Jule</sup> ~~year~~ long as ~~Doole~~ told it. And at the signal to go, <sup>Jule</sup> ~~Doole~~ started out, looked back over his shoulder to see how Pony Bob was coming, and noticed him some 20 or 30 feet behind him just loafing along carrying his blanket over his shoulder<sup>s</sup>. <sup>Jule</sup> Jule motioned <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ him to come on, and the Indian waved him on. And Jule thought he would take some of the conceit out of the Indian, so he shifted into high and about ~~10~~ ten yards from the finish the Indian passed him like he was ~~x~~ going the other direction. Well, Jule was just a little bit unhappy about it, <sup>and</sup> he turned to one of his friends who had made a rather sarcastic remark about it, used the term in referring to the Indian, whom he thought spoke no English and understood no English, the term he used was one that was made immortal Orin Wooster when he wrote the Virginian. The ~~Pawnee~~ Pony Bob sprung on old Jule and took him to the ground, ran his thumb across Jule's throat. Jule thought it was a scalping knife, <sup>and</sup> Jule told me that he ~~was~~ never <sup>was</sup> so scared in his life ~~as~~ <sup>that</sup> when he got up he was afraid to shake his head for fear that it would fall off. Jule was not above taking an occassional drink, in small quantities. Jule was one of these old timers that figured that a pint of whiskey was just a small drink. A fellow by the name of W. E. Case ran a general store in

here, around, oh about 1875, <sup>A</sup>and Jule dropped into the store one time, considerably liquored up, <sup>A</sup>and Case was a small, short, dumpy, nervous, sort of individual, <sup>A</sup>and he noticed a mouse playing around on one of his shelves, <sup>A</sup>up along with some cotton goods. And in the conversation he admitted to Jule that he was having trouble with mice and wished that there was some way of getting rid of them. Jule carried a 44 Navy pistol, a revolver rather, <sup>A</sup>and he extracted it from his holster and proceeded to shoot the mouse off of the shelf. Although at that time he was so drunk that he could hardly ~~st~~ stand up. Lona has asked me if there were any legends of any places in Norton County concerning places that were haunted. The only place that I know of is the place some three and a half miles southwest of Norton that is known as Gray's draw. Early in March of 1873 a man by the name of Henry Chapman walked in <sup>C</sup>to Norton County. He was a native of Ohio and had left that state for the gold fields in California in 1849, <sup>A</sup>and from that time until he came to Norton County, he spent all of his life on the frontier. He was reputed to be worth considerable money, <sup>B</sup>but no one hear knows that they ever, that he ever had, no one ever feasted their eyes on it, <sup>B</sup>but he had spoken to the settlers about being possessed a considerable sum of gold. He built a log house on his plain, <sup>B</sup>but he never put a roof on it. He searched up and down the creek for several days, looking for a tree with the proper crook in it to make rafters for his house. He wanted the rafters to reach from eve to eve <sup>S</sup>for the curve over the ridge log or the center pole. At the same time he was looking along the creek for a good mill sight and had announced his intention of building a mill, for that season. He did carry a belt of gold on his person, <sup>A</sup>and he was reported to have taken it off because it chaffed him and buried it along the rocks south of Alma. And it rained, <sup>B</sup>and he feared that the water had washed it away. He went down there, <sup>B</sup>and he came back and told one of our local citizens, Hankie Oliver, ~~that~~ that he

found the gold all right <sup>A</sup> and that it was on his person at that time. And Hankie Oliver is the last person to have seen him alive. On the morning of May the 4th, 1878, he was found murdered there in his dugout <sup>A</sup> and he'd been shot with a 32 caliber pistol <sup>A</sup> and his head had been badly ~~cut~~ crushed by a stool. Coroner Stewart found that he came to his death ~~by~~ at the hands of persons unknown <sup>A</sup> and <sup>no</sup> concerted effort was ever made to track down his murderers. His personal effects were sold <sup>A</sup> and his ~~farm~~ farm, his claim, passed to Nathan Gray, who was the father-in-law of Jill <sup>Van</sup> ~~A~~meter. Gray afterward, committed suicide by hanging himself. <sup>A</sup> The tree <sup>on</sup> which he placed the rope is still standing there <sup>A</sup> and the place is <sup>re</sup>puted to be haunted. <sup>A</sup> That if a person will sleep under the tree at night that Gray comes back and that you can hear him moaning and the chains clank ~~and~~ and all sorts of things like that. But it has not been verified. During the month of June 1872, an Englishman by the name of William Gibben <sup>O</sup> arrived in Norton and settled here. Gibben <sup>O</sup> was a man of superior education his great fault was that he was ~~and~~ addicted to drink. He was sometimes known as old Coppus Mentis. He <sup>having</sup> ~~had~~ them use that term on one occasion when he was questioned as to whether he drunk or sober. At one time he was a witness in a law suit and had considerable conversation between the attorney. And the attorney finally asked him, "Is it not a fact, sir, that on the day that this event is supposed to have happened, that you had had one gallon of whiskey?" ~~and~~ And Gibben <sup>O</sup> ~~answered~~ was, "Yes, sir, but what is a gallon of whiskey among one?"

Another of the legendary counties, characters of Norton County was Square Oliver or Hankie Oliver as he was familiarly known. Hankie was one of the earliest settlers of this county and had been born in England. He had not had much formal education but was a very bright man. Hankie was elected Justice of the Peace and many of his trials, if they had been recorded, would had a lot of early Norton County history in it. On one

occasion two lawyers were having a law suit over a hog that had been killed. They argued and argued and argued and finally when noon came, Hankie announced that court was adjourned ~~x~~ until after dinner, that he was going home to feed his hogs and wouldn't be back, <sup>CONVY</sup> and they could come back and conclude their argument, <sup>GROSE</sup> and when they had finished their arguments if they would open the drawer to his desk that they would find a verdict, that he had already ~~xxxx~~ decided the case.

One of the more interesting characters of Norton <sup>CONVY</sup> was the late ~~Gose~~ <sup>GROSE</sup> Page, who was a cattle buyer at Norton for many years. He was born in Illinois in 1852, <sup>GROSE'S</sup> and in 1873 he started for the West. ~~Gose's~~ <sup>GROSE'S</sup> possessions at the time that he hit Norton County consisted of one five cent piece and a postage stamp. <sup>GROSE</sup> ~~Gross~~ was one of the most loveable characters that a person ever met, <sup>GROSE</sup> at times, although, he had a violent disposition. And Gross, like many of the other early residents of Norton County, was inclined to take ~~advantage~~ <sup>a drink</sup> now and then. One of the best ones that I ever remember Gross having pulled, and he related it to me with out doing any blushing, shortly before the turn of the century he went to Denver to a livestock show. And on his return home his wife was unpacking his luggage and demanded an explanation, <sup>GROSE</sup> there was a dinner plate ~~on~~ there and considerable of the meal on it packed in with Gross's clothing, <sup>GROSE</sup> and Gross did admit that it was pretty much of a mess, and she wanted to know what had happened. And Gross, of course, denied that he had had anything to drink on the entire trip, <sup>GROSE</sup> and he said that he was at a restaurant down there at the union station ~~there~~ in Denver with a number of his friends, <sup>GROSE</sup> and the train whistled in, <sup>GROSE</sup> and it was obvious that he wasn't going to be able to finish his meal, and so at the boys suggestion rather than just abandon the meal and go home hungry, he just packed the lunch in with his clothing and took it on the train with him, in case that he got hungry on the way home. And he said that it ~~went~~ sounded logical to him, but he never could sell his wife on the

idea. I could go on with tales like this for a considerable period of time if I had time to assemble my data. I don't know what year the tape recorder was invented. It is certainly a shame that it was not invented some 50 years ago, because if a person could have gotten these statements, these tales, directly from the mouths of those to whom they happened, it would have been a most interesting addition to the folklore of the northwestern part of Kansas.